

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

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HELEN IS FORCED TO SERVE FOR A COMPANY DINNER
AN IGNOMINIOUS POT ROAST

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Mabel Herbert Uner

"Who? The Chandlers! Hold the wire!" With his hand over the phone, Warren roared out: "The Chandlers are downstairs. What the deuce—"

"The Chandlers!" Helen flew in from the dining room. "Oh—oh," in stammering excitement, "they can't be coming for dinner! I invited them for next Thursday—the 17th! Oh, they couldn't have such a—"

"You've got your dates mixed," with a snort. "What're you going to do about it? Quick!"

"There's not a thing for dinner!" frantically. "Oh, we—"

"Well, we can't keep them standing down there." Then into the phone, "Send them up."

"Oh, Warren, we can't have them!" with hysterical shrillness. "We've only a pot roast!"

"Say you made a mistake in the date! If they've got any sense they'll clear out."

"Oh, no—no, she'd be furious! It's a quarter of seven—we've a half hour! You receive them. Say we—oh, what excuse can we give? Say the oven exploded—the maid burned her arm—dinner'll be late."

"I'll say nothing of the sort! Now we'll not complicate things by lying."

"You must! She'll be insulted if—Oh, there they are now!"

As the door bell clamored, Helen dashed out to the kitchen. Jerking the bread knife from the astonished Dora, she wrapped the girl's apron about her hand.

"It's the Chandlers! Go to the door, but keep your hand in your apron. You've burned it—understand? Hurry!"

While the girl was ushering in the unexpected guests, Helen made a frantic survey of the ice box and pantry shelves. The Chandlers for dinner with only a pot roast!

"Open this—quick!" handing down a can of asparagus, as the bewildered Dora reappeared. "It only has to be heated."

For the next ten minutes the kitchen was the scene of desperate, nerve-tensioned haste. Dora, stimulated by a promised dollar, moved with unaccustomed speed. Behind the drawn folding doors she changed the cloth and reset the table with all the "company" frills.

Everything responded to the emergency exigencies—except the pot roast. That remained a pot roast—ignominiously cheap and plebeian. Helen's fertile brain had not yet concocted a lie that would excuse it.

The hors-d'oeuvre on the table, the cocktails mixed, the wine opened, and Dora plied with countless instructions, Helen rushed in to dress.

The pot roast! She was still struggling with the intractable pot roast as she fluttered into an evening gown.

A quarter past seven, flushed, breathless, and effusively apologetic, she hurried in to greet her guests.

"I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting! I suppose Warren's told you about our accident—the oven exploded and the maid burned her wrist."

Warren had not told them. Having stolidly refused to "lie out of it," he had made not the slightest explanation for the half hour's wait, and now he glowered darkly at Helen's glib excuses.

What would they think when the pot roast appeared, anguished Helen, as they went into the dining room. The burned wrist could not explain that.

The Italian hors-d'oeuvre was a novelty and most appetizing, but the soup, having been diluted to make four portions, was suspiciously thin. As Dora removed the plates, Helen, with deepening color, awaited the august entrance of the pot roast.

At last it came, a meager dark mound with its accompanying gravy and browned potatoes. Helen saw Mrs. Chandler's astonished glance.

While Warren carved, she kept her eyes fixed miserably on her plate. Unlike the very last she had hoped her feminine agility for fabrications would come to her rescue. But for once her resourcefulness failed her. She could invent no plausible excuse for this pot roast.

It was a scant roast, too—barely a pound and a half—and Warren was cutting into it recklessly. To have pot roast—and not even enough! Could a guest dinner sink to greater ignominy?

"No, give that to Mr. Chandler," as Dora placed before her a thickly carved slice. Then to Warren: "Dear, just some of the potatoes for me. You're always forgetting about my diet."

"Eh, what's that?" He looked up, the knife suspended, but Helen's swift, flaming glance was telepathic.

"The doctor's put me on a strict diet," in nervous explanation. "I'm not even allowed all vegetables," thinking of the small can of asparagus.

Hoping that enough wine would dull their critical appraisal of the dinner, Helen had instructed Dora to keep the glasses filled.

Mr. Chandler was already in a mellowed mood, but as Mrs. Chandler drank most sparingly her critical faculties were unimpaired.

"Won't you have some of the quince jelly?" urged Helen, for she had tried to pad out the dinner with condiments. "Dear, did you pass Mrs. Chandler the olives?"

"No, thank you, I don't care for any," stiffly. "No—no more wine," to Dora, who started to refill her glass.

It was an infinite relief when the mortifying pot roast, not pathetically depleted, was finally removed and the salad brought on. At least Warren's salad dressing was always a success.

"Only a couple of leaves for me, dear. You know I can't have it," cautioned Helen, for there had been only one head of romaine.

"No salad?" asked Mr. Chandler. "Why, I thought salad was the main stay of a vegetarian diet."

"Oh, yes—it is," floundering, "but the vinegar—I'm not supposed to have anything acid."

Although the plum pudding was unmistakably canned, there was enough of it. And the sauce, made from the branded peaches, was delicious.

With the coffee and cordials, served in the library before the glowing gas logs, Helen got out a box of French glacée mint leaves. But no amount of ultra frills could banish the memory of the pot roast!

she'd be lost in a strange town." This gave her an idea. She would ask the mother to come to Leeds and stay with her! She met her at the station and took her up to the hospital, where the excited boy lay.

For a few days the old Scotch woman stayed with her, and then returned to Scotland full of gratitude and delight at having seen her son. She was the first of many guests entertained by this warm-hearted Englishwoman. Soldiers' wives came, sometimes bringing with them a baby—once or twice it was a baby the father had never seen before, born while he was at the front; soldiers' sisters, sweethearts, mothers, all poor women who could not afford to have come without her offer of hospitality. They arrived tired, anxious and sad, and she comforted them and cheered them, and they went away happier to know that their dear ones had so kind a friend at hand.

Plain Evidence.

"The man yonder every one is looking at is a big gun."

"He looks it with that bullet head on him."

Warren and Mr. Chandler were discussing the investment values of Bronx real estate. Mrs. Chandler, having several lots in her own name, seemed interested, and Helen was spared the exertion of entertaining her.

At half past ten their car was announced. As Mrs. Chandler put on her wraps in Warren's room, Helen knew that she saw his shabby slippers under the bed and his old toweling bathrobe caught in the closet door.

There had been no time for the rigid straightening-up and putting-out-of-sight process to which Warren's room was always subjected before the arrival of guests.

Still lashing her mind for some final palliating excuse for the unguest-like dinner, Helen could only murmur a blundering: "The next time you come—I hope we'll not be so upset. But Dora had quite a scare with that oven—and she's so easily flustered."

"Oh, I'm sure everything was very nice," protested Mrs. Chandler formally, searching in her muff for her gloves.

Seeing people off was always awkward. Helen never knew quite what to say at the last moment. Tonight it was doubly embarrassing. She could have screamed with relief when the door closed after them.

"Oh—oh, it was awful!" dropping down before the gas logs. "Oh, that pot roast! That hideous pot roast!"

"Yes, that wasn't exactly a swell dish!" grunted Warren. "It stumped her all right. Notice the way she lumped it?"

"Oh, she'll tell everybody," walling. "She'll say we invited them to dinner and gave them pot roast."

"Hope she does! Why the Sam Hill don't you write down your dates?"

"I did!" running for the calendar pad. "Look," turning to Thursday the 17th. "The Chandlers for dinner." Oh, I'm sure it was the 17th!"

"You are, eh? Well, whenever there's a mistake—I'll bank on it being yours. Jove, if you ever get a thing right—it's a miracle."

Helen was too crushed to argue. Her assurance about the date was shaken. She had written the invitation, and had kept no copy of the note.

Still brooding over the humiliating evening, she went into her room to undress. She was almost ready for bed when the telephone rang. Through the open door came Warren's deep "Hello! Who? . . . Oh, Mrs. Chandler! . . . How's that? . . . Oh, that's all right!" with a hearty laugh. "We thought it was our mistake. . . . Not at all—it was a pleasure. . . . No—no, don't bother to write—the joke's on all of us. . . . Yes, I'll tell her."

Her face shining with cold cream, and her hair tumbling over her night-gowned shoulders, Helen came flying in. But with maddening leisure Warren lit a cigar before he would answer her tempestuous queries.

"Looked up your note and found she marked the wrong date! Guess that pot roast set her thinking."

"Oh—oh!" triumphantly. "Then it wasn't my mistake! I did have the right—"

"Well, what of it? If you were so blamed sure you were right—why didn't you come square out and say so? They'd have a darned sight more respect for you if you hadn't pulled off that string of weak-kneed lies. I'll bet they're sizing you up just about now."

Stung.

"The authorities ought to get these swindlers. I sent a dollar in answer to an ad, 'How to make butter from grass.'"

"What did they say?"

"After you get the grass ready give it to a cow and then churn the milk."

Thumb Index to Character.

Just as the chin gives qualities to the face, so the thumb marks the personality of the hand, and is an unerring index of a man's natural strength or weakness of character.

Horse Was a Little Slow.

Seagirt would not lie, I know, but he is dreadfully careless with the truth. He said that the horse he hired to go to Glenellen last summer was so slow that a spider wove its web in the wheel. Children came and made mud pies in the shade of the buggy. At one point he had an exciting race with a caterpillar. A woman came out and asked him to please drive a little faster, he was keeping the sun off her tomatoes. He said the horse was slower than a barber he knows, who is so slow that the whiskers grow faster than he can shave, and by the time he is through the customer has a full beard.—Exchange.

To Clearly Convey News.

"One Who Splits an Infinitive Every Time and Glories in the Job" writes: "What do you superpurists make of this, which I take from a report of a company meeting held recently: 'The directors decided to more than double the carry-forward?' Can the meaning be conveyed as precisely by preserving the integrity of the verb?"—London Chronicle.

A Change of Opinion.

Singing Master—Why, you have no voice at all.

Singer—Well, but I always pay for my lessons double the amount paid by others.

Singing Master—Say that again; your voice sounded much better, I thought.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

has been a household panacea all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, bringing on headache, coming of up food, palpitation of heart and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will immediately relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Silencing Him.

Typewriter Girl—Will you kindly hand me the gum?

Gushing Bookkeeper—Certainly; with all my heart.

Typewriter Girl—No, thanks; only the gum, please.

Infections or Inflammations of the Eye, whether from external or internal causes, are promptly healed by the use of Roman Eye Balsam at night upon retiring. Adv.

Not a 'Bad Comparison.

"Why do they liken the world to an oyster?"

"Possibly because we all get something to eat out of it, but very few of us find pearls."

Easy to Rid Home of Rats and Mice

There is no need of suffering from the depredations of rats and mice now that Stearns' Paste is readily obtainable at nearly every store. A small box of this effective exterminator costs only 35 cents and is usually sufficient to completely rid the house, store or barn of rats and mice. The U. S. Government has bought thousands of pounds of Stearns' Paste for use in cities where rats and mice are plentiful. The Paste is also efficient in destroying cockroaches and waterbugs. Adv.

Had to Quit.

"Saw a woman in a real quandary this time."

"Where did it happen?"

"On a car. She couldn't hang to a strap and knit."

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. For Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, more and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 30 years. They are so pleasant to take, children like them. They never fail. All Druggists, 25 cents. Sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Give a man a good dinner and he will remain in a good humor for at least an hour.

Big men with the toothache always look foolish.

YOU NEED NOT SUFFER WITH BACKACHE AND RHEUMATISM

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder you are doomed.

Weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins, and lower abdomen, gall-stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine" nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they



A Woman's Burdens

are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. If her existence is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, she will find relief and emancipation from her troubles in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If she's overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she finds new life and strength. It's a powerful, invigorating tonic and nerve which was discovered and used by an eminent physician for many years, in all cases of female complaints and weaknesses. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical "change of life," in bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine put up without alcohol—ingredients on wrapper.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been of wonderful help to me during expectancy. When I started to take this tonic I suffered with heartburn and was nauseated and weak. The first few doses benefited me greatly and I have kept right on taking it all the while. I think 'Favorite Prescription' a splendid medicine for women and would advise its use by every expectant mother."—MRS. FLORA HOLDEN, 1394 E. 123rd Street.

AKRON, OHIO.—"I have taken Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery. I took the 'Favorite Prescription' for woman's trouble and it did wonders for me. I had been ailing for five months and I only took one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did me so much good that I don't think I will need any more. I advise all similar sufferers to take 'Favorite Prescription.' I used the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for asthma and I do not feel as if I will need to take any more of it for it has been almost one year since it has bothered me at all."—ELIZA HODGE, 1260 Switzer Ave.

United States Will Profit.

Secretary of Commerce Redfield says Germany's foreign trade will largely come to the United States.

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Leon Daudet says German plotters in June tried to cause rebellion in the French armies.

To err is human—to lie about it is more so.

CHILDREN

Should not be "dosed" for colds—apply "externally"—

Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home

VICK'S VAPORUB

IS DISPENSER OF COMFORT

One Englishwoman Does "Her Bit" by Keeping Open House for Wounded Men's Visitors.

There is a large class of Englishwomen, writes a London correspondent, who have to keep their own homes going, but who manage to take time to help to ease the war strain. She visits soldiers' wives and families in dark and dirty streets, as do most of her friends and hundreds of other women. She never goes empty-handed. To pay for these luxuries she dispenses with help in the housework, rising earlier in the morning to do it herself. Here is the experience of one:

In the course of her visit to a hospital a tall, sad, young Scotchman won her sympathy. He was grievously wounded, but what he seemed to suffer from most was homesickness and a wild longing for his own people, especially his mother. "She can't afford it," he said when asked why she did not visit him. "She could get a half-fare warrant, I know, but even then she's not accustomed to travel, and